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SELECT TALES.

From Friendship's Offering.

THE COUNTESS.

BY THE HON. ERSKINE NORTON.

[Concluded.]

ON Mr. Heartly's arrival at Baden, he went to the house of a friend of his, an English merchant, resident there; from that gentleman, he learned every particular that he was desirous to know concerning Lord Delville, which may thus be compressed: That, on his lordship's first arrival, he was dissipated and extravagant, keeping open house for gentlemen, living in a constant routine of company, and playing high; but all this was an unnatural effort, his spirits were forced, and he was evidently but ill at ease. Mrs. Clermont was very expensive, and, in spite of all his handsome salary, he soon found himself involved in difficulties. He suddenly changed his mode, and ran at once into the opposite extreme; reduced his establishment, shut himself up, was never to be seen out on business, or at court, or when he was met, unattended, on his long solitary rides, while his health seemed to become every day more precarious. All this did not suit Mrs. Clermont, and, in a very short time after the new system was established, she placed herself under the protection of a German prince, and disappeared. Two months since, Lord Delville had, by the advice of his physician, applied for a short leave of absence, and was now at Spa for the benefit of his health. The account of the earl's death had already reached Baden, and, no doubt, letters from his family, directed to Spa, had, before this, informed Lord Delville of the melancholy event. On receiving this information, Mr. Heartly made no delay in continuing his route to Spa.

It was late in the evening when he arrived there at the principal hotel, and, the following morning, after breakfast, he proceeded, accompanied by a guide, to the house of Lord Delville, now Earl of Belmont: it was very small and retired; a servant, in new mourning livery, opened the door; he gave in his card: the servant returned, and said, that he was desired to ask whether Mr. Heartly's visit was on business, as the earl, as yet, received no visits of ceremony. Mr. Heartly replied, that his visit was on business, and he was then shown up into a small sitting room, scantily furnished; a gentleman, *en robe de chambre*, half rose from a sofa, on which he was reclining, surrounded by magazines and newspapers. Mr. Heartly advanced, bowed, and took a seat, and then for a moment, fixing his eyes earnestly on the invalid, he could scarcely believe that he saw before him the gallant, gay, handsome young nobleman, he had met

under such peculiar circumstances, but four years since; "I am sorry to see your lordship looking so unwell."

A cool bow, and, "I think, sir, you said you had business with me?" were the only reply.

"I am, my lord, a friend of Mr. Middleton, and am commissioned to put into your hands this note from him, and this letter from your father, the late earl." Lord Belmont's countenance changed—a vivid, but transient flush passed over it, and his hand trembled as he received the papers. He opened the note from Mr. Middleton;—it merely contained these words: "Should the Earl of Belmont have any communication to make on the subject of the accompanying letter, he may make it freely and safely to the bearer, Mr. Heartly."

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

The earl then, in his turn, fixed a scrutinizing look on Mr. Heartly:—"Your name is familiar to me, and I—I believe we have met before?"

"I had the honor of meeting your lordship at Twickenham."

"Yes—yes—I recollect:—excuse me for a few minutes:—and he left the room with his father's letter."

He was absent fully half an hour, and on his return traces of deep agitation were yet visible in his countenance. "Mr. Heartly, this letter is an earnest request from my late father, to do all in my power to effect a reconciliation with my wife, the daughter of your friend."

"Mr. Middleton and myself both presumed that it was so; and providence has willed that it should be your father's last—his dying request."

"Even so," replied Lord Belmont, tremulously, and paused.

"Perhaps your lordship would wish for time to make your decision; if so, I am quite at your orders—I am here without any other object in view."

"You are very good—very considerate: have you seen Lady Delville—the Countess I should now say—lately?"

"About a month since I had the honor."

"Her health has been long re-established, I believe?"

"Quite so—no one even recollects her ladyship looking so beautiful—so well, as she does at present."

Lord Belmont sighed: "And my little son?"

"O, he is quite a picture of health, and beauty, and happiness! He resembles your lordship very much, but his eyes are his mother's."

Another pause, during which the earl strove, successfully, to repress his emotion. "The countess appears fond of Hastings; I suppose she finds it gay and agreeable?"

"She is fond of it: but in its gayeties she takes no share, she leads a very secluded life."

"Who are her most intimate friends?"

"She has but one at Hastings—Mrs. Wilmot."

"Ha, Mrs. Wilmot! I have met her, and heard of her—she is a very superior woman!"

"She is in all respects worthy of the confidence and friendship of your countess."

"Well, Mr. Heartly! I will not ask you to an invalid's dinner; but, if you will call early in the evening, I shall be most happy to see you." They shook hands, and Mr. Heartly took his leave.

"Mr. Heartly," said the earl, when the conversation was renewed in the evening, "I am aware that no man has sacrificed his happiness more completely than I have done; domestic comfort, health, competency, reputation, have all been destroyed or greatly injured. To talk of my regret would be folly; it is written, like the mark of Cain, upon my brow: to talk of my desire to have any of these blessings restored would be equal folly. It seems that a glimpse of hope is opened to me by your mission, but it is so obscured by such deep shadows, and surrounded by so many difficulties, that I almost despair."

"How so, my lord?"

"This letter comes from my father; his request at any time, especially his last one, would be sacred to me—but I have no intimation from my wife, and I may say indeed, none from Mr. Middleton; I shall, therefore, probably ask and be refused."

"My Lord, I do not pretend to know any thing whatever of the sentiments of your countess on the subject; I have never heard your name mentioned in her presence, and I believe that it has been never, or very rarely alluded to in her most intimate conversations with her father, since your departure: but there is one point on which I am very clear—that it is you not your wife, who are bound to make the first advance."

"It may be so—but still, years have elapsed without the most trifling inquiry or mark of interest, without even any communication—from her at least—concerning our child; without the slightest effort to redeem her husband from his errors; not a word of comfort, while oppressed by absence from all he loved, by unavailing regrets, by poverty and ill-health!—Women are not usually made of such stern stuff, and least of all did I expect to find it in Harriet, so gentle and humble as she was."

"Gentle and humble she is now, my Lord—but she is no longer what you first beheld her, the inexperienced, happy girl; not the young and timid bride, with a new world opening to her—such a world! and without a friend or a guide to

advise or direct her. Experience and suffering have taught their usual bitter lesson, with more than their usual effect; they have taught her to know and to appreciate *herself*; they have left untouched the beautiful simplicity, purity and tenderness of heart, while they have unfolded the treasures of a mind of the first rate order. The Countess of Belmont knows what is due to her feelings as an injured wife, and to her dignity as a virtuous one; and I venture to say that if your lordship wait for her first advance—much as it may cost her—your reunion will never take place on this side of the grave."

Lord Belmont made no reply, but sat for some minutes with his hand over his face; at length he said: "Well, sir, supposing that I yield this point, yet in what view will my conduct appear to the world? Bankrupt in the heart of all others, I turn again to sue for that of my wife; and oppressed with poverty, I kneel to ask her for her wealth, and for all the comforts and benefits it will bestow!"

"My Lord, you confound the opinion of the world with the fact itself; you and we know well that the fact will *not* be as you state it; your disinterested conduct in refusing to avail yourself of the settlement made on you from the time you separated from your wife, is well known, and has been smiled at by the world you dread, as rather too chivalric for this money-grasping and money-spending age. My lord, I do not mean to affect to undervalue the opinion of the world; nay, I will do it the justice to say, that when the whole facts of the case are before it, its opinion is almost always correct; the misfortune is, that, collectively as well as individually, it is apt to judge of the whole from a part only. The first object of a first-rate mind, is to do what it believes to be right; the first object of a second-rate mind, is to do what it believes to be right in the opinion of the world."

"Then I suppose you place me among the second rates?" said the earl smilingly.

"My Lord," replied Mr. Heartly, evading an answer to this delicate question, "I do not see what the world can say against an erring husband seeking the forgiveness of his wife; and surely no time can be more proper than the present; the recent death of your father, and his late injunction may be reasonably supposed sufficient to soften the hearts of his family, and to lead them all to reconciliation and peace. In point of rank and wealth you stand as you have always stood; upon her you have bestowed your coronet with all its dignities and advantages; she, on you has bestowed her wealth; in these mere worldly exchanges I conceive you to be equal, and in all probability, the balance will ultimately be in your favor, when your expectations from the East are realized. I believe, too, that Belmont Castle is now vacant."

"Yes; its ten years' lease expired three months since: it is now inhabited only by two or three grey-headed domestics, who keep the old place clean and aired, and its venerable avenues free from fallen leaves—but this is all."

A few days passed over, during which the earl seemed to take a great partiality for his new acquaintance, each day brought them more and more together, until at length they scarcely

separated. Mr. Heartly had ample opportunity of forming a just estimate of the husband of Harriet, and he deeply regretted, that a heart so well disposed and affectionate, and a mind capable of better things, should have been so warped and misled. He had great hopes that both might be redeemed, but he could not conceal from himself that Lord Belmont's health was in the most precarious and even dangerous state; by it, an unfavorable re-action was produced on the mind; his judgment was weakened, his temper rendered irritable, his opinion indecisive, and his schemes wavering. The earl had requested Mr. Heartly to stay with him for a fortnight, and at the end of that time he promised to make up his mind on the delicate subject of his mission, which therefore ceased to be reverted to in the course of their conversations.

The fortnight was near its close, when, very early one morning, Mr. Heartly was roused from his bed by a note from his lordship:—"Events of importance seldom come singly; I have great news to tell you—do not waste a minute."

On Mr. Heartly's arrival, he found the earl in bed; he held up a large packet.

"Read it!" he exclaimed, and sunk back on his pillow, apparently exhausted with the force of his emotions. Mr. Heartly stepped from the bed-room into the little sitting-room, and anxiously removed an envelope; it contained two letters; one from his mother, the dowager, and the other from his agent; they informed the earl that his uncle had died on his passage to Calcutta, but that the ship had brought on his effects and documents—among the latter his will, (a copy was stated to have been left at Calcutta,) by which he made his nephew sole heir to his vast wealth.

"I congratulate you, my lord," said Mr. Heartly, returning and taking his hand.

Lord Belmont grasped his, and said, "Now my friend, I will do all that you wish; I will even throw myself on my knees to my injured, my deserted Harriet." Then suddenly changing his tone, clasped his hands, and raising his eyes exclaimed; "God grant me but life to receive her forgiveness, and to bless my child!"

Mr. Heartly was deeply affected, for this was the first time Lord Belmont had alluded to the state of his health; he had always seemed absolutely ignorant of, or extremely careless about it.

An application was forwarded by that day's post to Downing street, requesting permission to return to England without delay, on the plea of extreme ill health, accompanied by certificates signed by the principal medical practitioners of the Spa. Letters were written to the two countesses, and an order to the old steward of Belmont Castle; a communication was also made to Baden.

Mr. Heartly despatched the official letters, and in every way assisted, soothed, and cheered his friend. The surprise, although, with the exception of his uncle's death, a most pleasurable one, was evidently too much for Lord Belmont's shattered nerves, and he seemed apprehensive that he should never reach England.

Harriet was seated at breakfast with her father, at Hastings, when the servant who had been sent

to the post office returned. He brought three or four business-like looking letters, which he delivered to Mr. Middleton; he then presented one to the countess. The superscription was written in a hasty, trembling, crooked hand, which she did not immediately recognize: she turned it, and looked at the seal—the blood rushed to her face, then left it as white as marble—a film seemed to float before her eyes, and it was some minutes before she could collect power to open the letter; observing that her father was quite absorbed with his communications, she broke the seal and read:—

"Harriet! my wife! Can you forgive me? Can you believe, that, from the fatal moment in which I tore myself away, I have never known an instant's peace?—that the images of my wife and child, as I then beheld them, sleeping in their innocence, have never ceased to haunt and reproach me? I have suffered, Harriet, in mind and body, not perhaps more than I have deserved, but enough I trust to entitle me to your pity and forgiveness.—Mourning over the yet warm ashes of my father—I beseech you, for the sake of your child—for your own sake—my Harriet, I beseech you not to reject my prayer! for the time will come, and shortly, when your kind and affectionate heart will grieve at the thought of having inflicted an additional, and unnecessary wound. In a few days I shall be at Belmont Castle; dare I hope that I may meet you there—you and your little one!—God bless you both!"

BELMONT."

A struggling sigh and a slight rustling movement attracted the attention of Mr. Middleton, and he rose just in time to receive in his arms the pale and insensible Harriet. Assistance was instantly procured, and the usual remedies soon restored her; she embraced her father fervently, and calling for her child, shed tears of rapture over him, while Mr. Middleton perused the letter.

That afternoon beheld them, with a small suite, on their road to Belmont Castle. They reached it at nightfall, and, in consequence of the order received by the steward from Lord Belmont, found fires lit, beds made, and as much preparation as could be expected on so short a notice. With what feelings of gratitude, veneration and hope, did the young countess pass through the massive gateways, and along the magnificent avenues leading to her husband's lordly residence. She shook hands with the old servants, and spoke to them so kindly, looked so happy and yet so tearful, that their hearts were hers as soon as they beheld her. The following day was employed in making every possible arrangement, for the comfort of the expected invalid: "He is, I am sure!" said Harriet, with that buoyancy of hope peculiar to the young, "more depressed in spirits than in actual health; peace and rest and affection will soon restore him." The medical gentleman, who had been accustomed to attend the Belmont family, while residing in that neighborhood, was engaged; and a physician of great celebrity at Hastings had promised to attend as frequently as possible.

The dowager countess had received a note from her son, to say that he should be in England in a few days, and that when arrived there she

would hear again from him. It was evidently his wish, that she and his sisters should not move from Twickenham, until farther notice; however they assembled in council on the subject, and decided on establishing themselves in Belmont Castle to receive him.—They never once thought of Harriet and her rights, and of course knew nothing of the communication made to her.

It was with some surprise and consternation, that, on the second morning after her arrival, Harriet was apprised of the approach of an *avant courier*, who, on being introduced, announced that the dowager and her two daughters would be at the castle in two or three hours, and that dinner was to be prepared for them. Harriet, with the concurrence of her father soon made up her mind as to the line of conduct necessary to be pursued on this occasion.

On the approach of the carriage, she stationed herself in the hall, attended by her father and the servants, and as soon as the ladies had alighted, she went forward to receive them: they appeared struck with amazement at perceiving her.

"Madam," she said to the dowager, "I am most happy to have the honor of seeing you and my sisters-in-law at Belmont Castle: I only regret that you did not give me somewhat longer notice, that your apartments might have been better prepared."

The dowager looked much perplexed, and at length stammered out; "We are—very much astonishment—very much, indeed, to find you and your father here!"

"I hope madam," said the young countess, drawing herself up, "that the surprise is at least a pleasurable one."

Lady Katherine stepped forward; "To cut the matter short," she cried, "unless my mother enter this castle as its mistress, she does not enter it at all."

"The mother of the earl of Belmont," calmly replied Harriet, "is, or ought to be, the most welcome of all guests at Belmont Castle; but it is only as a *guest* that ever she can be received, when the wife of the earl is present."

"Then let us go," said Lady Katherine to her mother, "let us go to Dover to meet my brother there; we have no authority from him to acknowledge this lady as the mistress of this castle; we have suffered enough already from the introduction of these low-born, uneducated, purse-proud people into our family; when not only now that he is wealthy but at any time the heir of Belmont might have commanded the hand of the daughter of the first peer of the realm. But we shall see," she continued, as they returned to the carriage, "whether the power of the lord of the castle be not superior to that of the lady."

During this violent speech, Harriet saw her father's color rise, and his mild, calm eye fire with indignation; but she caught him by the arm and whispered, "For my sake, my father!" He allowed the appeal, and before the carriage had driven from the door, the father and daughter had quitted the hall.

Lord Belmont had received, without delay, the permission he had requested to return to England, and immediately prepared for his journey. He

easily induced Mr. Heartly to become his fellow traveler, who the more readily agreed to his request, from observing that the earl was not in a state to travel with servants only; watchful and judicious care had now become indispensable, and the great comfort he derived from Mr. Heartly unremitting attention, he felt and acknowledged most gratefully.

They arrived safely at Dover; but the earl was in so exhausted a state, from rather a long and rough passage, that Mr. Heartly landed first in order to provide a sedan chair to carry him to the inn: he was rather surprised at being accosted by a servant in mourning livery, who begged to know whether he were not traveling in the suite of the Earl of Belmont.

"I am a friend of the earl, and am traveling with him."

"Then, perhaps, sir, you will be so good as to get this letter conveyed to him on board."

Mr. Heartly looked at the letter; it was sealed in black, and directed by a female hand, but he knew it was not Harriet's.

"From whom does this come?"

"From the dowager countess, who with the young ladies, is waiting his arrival at the hotel."

"Very good," replied Mr. Heartly—"I will take care of the letter."

While his servants were looking for a sedan chair, Mr. Heartly went to the hotel, and was soon in the presence of the dowager and her daughters.

"I do not mean," he said, as he returned her letter, to alarm your ladyship unnecessarily, but the earl, your son, is very ill indeed; he is not aware of your being in Dover, and by no means expects to meet you here; and however great the pleasure of such a meeting may prove it cannot fail to hurry and excite him, in his present exhausted condition. I venture, therefore, to advise that he should be brought here, and have a night's rest and refreshment, before your presence is announced to him."

The ladies were much alarmed at hearing this account, and immediately gave Mr. Heartly *carte blanche* to act as he judged best.

The invalid passed a tolerable night, and slept until rather late on the following morning. On awaking he found Mr. Heartly, as usual, seated by his bed-side.

"My kind friend," said the earl, "I feel much composed and refreshed, and am anxious to get on; we have but a short and easy way to travel now."

"Short and easy as it is," replied Mr. Heartly, cheerfully, "I think I have a talisman about me that will make it appear still more so."

He opened the shutters, and having put a letter in the earl's hands, retired with his accustomed delicacy to the further part of the room, pretending to busy himself about some packages there, while it was read. The earl kissed the characters that had been strangers to him so long, and with his weak and trembling hands broke the seal.

"Welcome, my beloved husband, to your home, your child and your wife! At Belmont you will find us with my father, all anxiously awaiting your return; and health and happiness I trust, are awaiting it also. Your mother and

sisters were here a few days since, and I regret that I could not prevail upon them to remain. God bless you, and bring you safe to your affectionate

HARRIET!"

"Heartly!" said Lord Belmont, and in a moment his friend was near his side: "Thank God, I shall, at least, *die* happy!—But she speaks of my mother and sisters; is it not strange they should, under present circumstances, have gone to Belmont, and still more strange that, being there, they should not have staid? I fear there has been some dissention!"

Mr. Heartly then told him of the actual presence of his mother and sisters in the hotel.—The news surprised and agitated, but did not displease him; and when he was dressed, and had taken some slight refreshment, Mr. Heartly went to the ladies to conduct them to the apartment.

"May I venture to suggest," said he to them, "that if there be any topic of an unpleasant nature, on which you might have thought it necessary to speak, you will avoid it for the present: his nervous irritability is very great, and it must be the object of all to keep him as tranquil as possible. He has just received a most affectionate letter from the countess, in which she mentions that you had been at Belmont, and regrets that she was not able to prevail on you to stay; *this is all she says.*"

By this time they had reached the door of the apartment, and, on entering, the mother was so shocked by the appearance of her son, that all thoughts, except of his illness, were banished from her mind; poor lady Charlotte wept, and even the well-nursed spleen of her sister was subdued for the time. Without appearing to notice their emotion, he received them most affectionately, and when they were seated round him, slightly expressed his regret that they had taken up their quarters at Belmont Castle.

"To tell you the truth, my dear son, we were not aware that the castle was occupied by your wife; we did not even know that any communication had, of late, taken place between you."

Lord Belmont explained, in a few words, the advances he had made towards a reconciliation, on receiving the intelligence of his uncle's bequest; and he showed them the letter he had received that morning. "On the whole, my dear mother, it will be better that you should remain here for a day or two: I am certain of your then receiving an invitation from Harriet; this will be more gratifying to your feelings, to hers, and to my own; so let us speak no more on this subject."

He then struggled to converse cheerfully until his carriage was announced; but, when he took leave of them, he did so with so much more solemnity and tenderness than the expected short separation appeared to warrant, that Mr. Heartly felt convinced, however dexterously he had contrived to veil the truth from them he himself saw and felt it but too clearly. On being placed in the carriage, his powers, which had been taxed to the utmost during this scene, appeared quite exhausted; he was constantly supported by Mr. Heartly, sunk into a sort of doze, and never spoke excepting to ask if they were near Belmont.

They arrived just as the setting sun was gilding its majestic towers; Lord Belmont roused himself as they entered the gates, and looked eagerly on each side at every well remembered spot; for it was here that he had passed his childhood.

Mr. Middleton came to the carriage door to receive them, but he was also so utterly unprepared for the death-like appearance of the earl, that his tongue could scarcely utter his welcome. Lord Belmont shook his hand and pressed it to his lips, but did not speak. He was removed from the carriage, and then borne through the hall to the door of the library, in which Harriet had stationed herself, being unwilling that their first meeting should take place in the presence of witnesses; there, he desired to be set down, and leaning only on Mr. Middleton, entered the room, the door of which Mr. Heartly immediately closed outside, and dismissed the servants.

Harriet stood trembling with agitation; at the first glance she shrieked, the next moment she received him almost fainting in her arms. A sofa was near, and on that he was laid; in a minute or two he seemed to recover, the color came to his lips, and the light to his eyes;—she knelt by him; he threw his hand over her bright and clustering tresses, and kissed her with the deepest and tenderest emotion, while her warm tears fell fast on his thin, pale cheek. Not a word was spoken, it was a moment of feelings too highly wrought, and of too imposing a nature for words; a moment of joy and of grief, of hope and despair.

When the first emotions had somewhat subsided, Mr. Middleton called the medical gentleman in attendance, and such means were applied as soon restored the earl to comparative comfort and composure. His beautiful boy was then brought in, and for once he indulged in the overflowings of a parent's love.

The physician from Hastings arrived, and all was done that human means could do, to revert or to retard the impending blow. Lord Belmont submitted himself with patient tranquillity—and when, at last, laid in his bed, surrounded by every comfort that care and affection could bestow, he said to his friend: "Heartly, do not look on me with that eye of pity: *I am so happy!*" He then turned to Harriet, where she sat with his hand clasped in hers, struggling to suppress her agony; exertion and agitation had given to her cheek a fevered glow, and her eyes a restless brightness, which, though indicative of the most painful anxiety, were beautiful in themselves; she had thrown off the dress in which she had received her husband, and her careless white wrapper, and unbound hair rather added to than diminished the effect. He looked at her tenderly and admiringly, then fervently exclaimed: "O Harriet! Harriet! what a traitor have I been to myself! how have I blasted the fair wreath of happiness my fate had woven!" He then lay for some time in thought; the opiate he had taken had evidently no effect in procuring rest, but his mind appeared to be particularly acute and active, and when he spoke, it was in a low but clear and collective voice. He desired that the whole party, including the clergyman and solicitor, who had been sent for, and the medical gentleman,

with the head servants, might be assembled in the room. He then appointed Mr. Middleton and Mr. Heartly as guardians to his son, and fixed the jointure for his mother, an income for his sisters, and legacies for his servants; he gave, too, some directions concerning the management of the estate, and the clearance of the debts with which it was encumbered. These necessary arrangements he made with great coolness and precision; when concluded, he desired that all should withdraw, excepting the family and the clergyman: he received the sacrament; then taking the hand of Harriet and Mr. Heartly, he said, "I feel even now that I am no longer of this world—life is ebbing fast; let this, my last act, prove how far above its sordid passions and petty jealousies I have risen! Take her, my friend! you have long loved her, disinterestedly, honorably, hopelessly; be to her, and to my boy what I ought to have been!—God bless you both!"—He joined their hands, and with a deep sigh, sunk back on his pillow. A rapid and unfavorable change had already come on; he became lethargic, and at five in the morning expired.

Two years after this melancholy and eventful night, the young and widowed countess bestowed her hand on Mr. Heartly. The infant earl has become all that their most sanguine hopes could aspire to; and to their domestic circle have been added two lovely daughters. The settlement, originally made on Lord Delville, and which he so properly relinquished, was, by the express desire of Harriet, continued for life to the dowager, in addition to her jointure.

The Countess of Belmont, supremely happy as a daughter, a wife, and a mother, high in the estimation of the world, and surrounded by all the enjoyments it can bestow, acknowledges, with humility and gratitude, her great and numerous blessings.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

A WORD TO THE LADIES.

THE practice prevalent among some young ladies of accepting of presents, given to them as tokens of preference and affection, from young gentlemen in whom they take no particular interest and towards whom they feel no sentiments of affection, is one highly reprehensible and degrading to the honor and delicacy of the female character, and which no female possessed of those feelings of refinement and delicacy, which should ever characterize the female mind, should permit herself to indulge in. Those feelings of delicacy and modesty, which ought ever to glow in the female breast and influence her every action, should ever prevent a young lady from accepting a present from a young person of the opposite sex, unless he be united to her by her ties of blood, or the still stronger ones of affection, or he be a near and intimate friend. And permit me to remark that young ladies may in general conclude that when a young gentleman shows marks of preference and attachment for them and styles his feelings those of friendship, that he either shrinks from calling his feelings by the right name from motives of delicacy, or

through fear that they are not reciprocated; or that he has deceived himself and really believes his feelings to be no stronger than those of friendship, while love is their true source. And if indeed they proceed from no warmer source than friendship, if they be reciprocated by the lady, fanned by mutual esteem, they will soon be merged in those of love. Not that I would imply that friendship may not exist between two young persons of opposite sexes, but instances of its long existing are rare and do not detract from the truth of the general principle. At first view this practice may not appear so deserving of censure to many, and they may think these remarks unjust and uncalled for, but they do not realize that aside from its infringement of the pure and sensitive feelings of delicacy and modesty without which no female, however gifted with beauty and talent, can long retain the respect and esteem of any person, possessed of a correct and virtuous mind, and without which woman ceases to be lovely in our eyes. It is acting a deceitful, dishonorable and cruel part towards the one who thus seeks to make known to you, the feelings of affection which you have excited in his breast. There are many who from feelings of diffidence, shrink from expressing their attachment personally to the beloved object that reigns in their hearts, and thus adopt this silent but speaking mode of making known their feelings to the objects of them, and when a young lady accepts of this token, it is a silent but tacit acknowledgement that his attentions are not disagreeable to her, and that she reciprocates at least in some degree the feelings of the giver, and he has reason to listen to the voice of hope and believe that the pulses of her heart beat with an answering throb to his own, that the dearest wishes of his heart may be realized. When a young lady accepts of a present, from a young gentleman, if she has the least reason to believe that he designs it as a mark of his preference and attachment, and knows, at the same time, that she cannot respond to his feelings, cannot return the sentiments she has inspired, knows that by accepting it she will encourage hopes that can never be realized, impart visions of happiness which she knows will be blasted, she is cruelly trampling on the affections and trifling with the happiness of a fellow being. I envy not the feelings of that female, who can thus wantonly sport with another's happiness. She must have a heart dead to all the purer and holier feelings of our nature, destitute of all that elevates and ennobles humanity. A proper respect for the sentiments which she has inspired, should lead her, if she cannot return his affections, to undeceive in a kind and respectful manner his hopes, and though his disappointment may be bitter, he will strive to bear up under it if he cannot quench his affection, and have the satisfaction of feeling that he can respect her conduct towards him. None can know but those who have experienced it, the misery of being told by the object of our heart's dearest affections, in whom all our hopes of happiness are centered, who is bound to us by ties dearer to us than life, the pulses of whose heart we had fondly believed beat with an answering throb to our own, with whom we had looked forward to bright scenes of happiness to be shared with the

beloved object—to be told by her whose heart we had confidently believed to be all our own, and perhaps in the cold words of indifference, that our hopes are vain, that her heart has never beat with one feeling of affection for us, that she cannot return the love which we have devotedly given to her, that we have been indulging in hopes and anticipations only to have them quenched forever in the rayless gloom of disappointment. Oh! this is misery that will rend the heart with agony and cause reason to tremble on her throne. To feel that the bright hopes and visions of happiness to which our hearts clung, and which were centered in the beloved object of our soul's adoration, which had cheered us, and thrown a bright flood of light around us in many an hour of darkness and sorrow, are gone, forever fled. We look forward to the future and all is dark as the starless midnight, not a ray of light from the bright fountains of hope appears to light up our path—our affections slighted, crushed and withered—that purity and freshness of feeling which exists only in youth, and which clothes every object around us in the brightest hues, is gone forever. Life appears before us, a trackless desert of thorns—the bright current of life is sent back to the heart in cold and icy chills, the midnight gloom of despair enshrouds us. Could any young lady realize for a moment the misery that she may inflict on a person possessed of pure and sensitive feelings by cherishing hopes and anticipations that must end in disappointment, she would not, could not have the heart to wreck the happiness of a fellow being. It is true that it often proceeds from thoughtlessness and a want of reflection, but can she plead this as an excuse to her conscience and her God. Should she be thoughtless and heedless of conduct that may blast a fellow being's happiness and fill his heart with wretchedness. The sacred affections of the heart, are not to be trampled on with impunity, and the person be they male or female who disregards the feelings of another and trifles with the purest and holiest feelings of our nature, will sooner or later receive in their own persons the bitter reward of thus trifling with the affections. I have thus feebly endeavored to portray to you a few of the evils that may result from indulging in the practice of accepting of presents from young gentlemen, giving to you as tokens of affection, when you feel that you cannot return those feelings and that they must end in disappointment. And let every young lady as she would deserve and command the respect and esteem of the wise and good, as she values her own and her fellow being's happiness, beware how she indulges in a practice alike degrading to her delicacy and cruel and deceitful to man.

GERALD.

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON DAVIE.

COLONEL DAVIE, Colonel Commandant in the State Cavalry of North Carolina, was born in the village of Egremont, in England, on the 20th June, 1759. His father visiting South Carolina soon after the peace of 1763, brought with him this son; and returning to England, confided

him to the Rev. Wm. Richardson, his maternal uncle; who becoming much attached to his nephew, not only took charge of his education, but adopted him as his son and heir. At the proper age, William was sent to an academy in North Carolina; from whence he was, after a few years, removed to the college of Nassau Hall, in Princeton, New-Jersey, then becoming the resort of most of the southern youth under the auspices of the learned and respectable Dr. Witherspoon. Here he finished his education, graduating in the autumn of 1776, a year memorable in our military as well as civil annals.

Returning home, young Davie found himself shut out for a time from the army, as the commissions for the troops just levied had been issued. He went to Salisbury, where he commenced the study of the law. The war continuing, contrary to the expectations which generally prevailed when it began, Davie could no longer resist the wish to plant himself among the defenders of his country. Inducing a worthy and popular friend, rather too old for military service, to raise a troop of dragoons, as the readiest mode of accomplishing his object, Davie obtained a lieutenantancy in this troop. Without delay the captain joined the Southern army, and soon afterwards returned home on a furlough. The command of the troop devolving on Lieutenant Davie, it was, at his request, annexed to the legion of Count Pulaski, where Captain Davie continued, until promoted by Major General Lincoln to the station of Brigade Major of cavalry. In this office Davie served until the affair at Stono, devoting his leisure to the acquirement of professional knowledge, and rising fast in the esteem of the general and army. When Lincoln attempted to dislodge Lieutenant Colonel Maitland from his entrenched camp on the Stono, Davie received a severe wound, and was removed from camp to the hospital in Charleston, where he was confined five months.

Soon after his recovery he was empowered by the government of North Carolina to raise a small legionary corps, consisting of one troop of dragoons and two companies of mounted infantry; at the head of which he was placed with the rank of major.

Quickly succeeding in completing his corps, in whose equipment he expended the last remaining shilling of an estate bequeathed to him by his uncle, he took the field, and was sedulously engaged in protecting the country between Charlotte and Camden, from the enemy's predatory excursions. On the fatal 19th of August he was hastening with his corps to join the army, when he met our dispersed and flying troops. He nevertheless continued to advance towards the conqueror; and by his prudence, zeal, and vigilance, saved a few of our wagons, and many of our stragglers. Acquainted with the movement of Sumpter, and justly apprehending that he would be destroyed unless speedily advised of the defeat of Gates, he dispatched immediately a courier to that officer, communicating what had happened, performing, in the midst of distress and confusion, the part of an experienced captain.

So much was his conduct respected by the government of North Carolina, that he was, in

the course of September, promoted to the rank of colonel commandant of the cavalry of the state.

At the two gloomiest epochs of the southern war, soon after the fall of Charleston, and the overthrow of Gates, it was the good fortune of Colonel Davie, to be the first to shed a gleam through the surrounding darkness, and give hope to the country, by the brilliancy of his exploits. In one instance, without loss or injury, on his part, he entirely destroyed an escort of provisions, taking 40 prisoners, with their horses and arms. In the other, under the immediate eye of a large British force, which was actually beating to arms, to attack him, he routed a party stronger than his own, killing and wounding 60 of the enemy, and carrying off with him 96 horses and 120 stand of arms.

When Lord Cornwallis entered Charlotte, a small village in North Carolina, Colonel Davie, at the head of his detachment, threw himself in his front, determined to give him a specimen of the firmness and gallantry, with which the inhabitants of the place, were prepared to dispute with his lordship, their native soil.

Colonel Tarlton's legion formed the British van, led by Major Hanger, the commander himself being confined by sickness. When that celebrated corps had advanced near to the centre of the village, where the Americans were posted, Davie poured into it so destructive a fire, that it immediately wheeled, and retired in disorder. Being rallied on the commons, and again led on to the charge, it received on the same spot, another fire with similar effect.

Lord Cornwallis witnessing the confusion, thus produced, among his choicest troops, rode up in person, and in a tone of dissatisfaction, upbraided the legion with upbraided the legion with unsoldierly conduct, reminding it of its former exploits and reputation.

Pressed on his flanks by the British infantry, Colonel Davie had now fallen back to a new and well selected position. To dislodge him from this, the legion cavalry advanced on him, a third time, in rapid charge, in full view of their commander in chief, but in vain. Another fire from the American marksmen, killed several of their officers, wounded Major Hanger, and repulsed them again, with increased confusion.

The main body of the British being now within musket shot, the American leader abandoned the contest.

It was by strokes like these, that he seriously crippled and intimidated his enemy, acquired an elevated standing in the estimation of his friends, and served very essentially the interest of freedom.

In this station he was found by General Greene, on assuming the command of the southern army; whose attention had been occupied from his entrance into North Carolina, in remedying the disorder in the quarter-master and commissary department. To the first Carrington had been called; and Davie was now induced to take upon himself the last, much as he preferred the station he then possessed. At the head of this department, Colonel Davie remained throughout the trying campaign which followed; contributing greatly by his talent, his zeal, his local knowledge

and his influence, to the maintenance of the difficult and successful operations which followed. While before Ninety-Six, Greene, foreseeing the difficulties again to be encountered, in consequence of the accession of force to the enemy by the arrival of three regiments of infantry from Ireland, determined to send a confidential officer to the legislature of North Carolina, then in session, to represent to them his relative condition, and to urge their adoption of effectual measures without delay, the collection of magazines of provisions and the reinforcement of the army. Colonel Davie was selected by Greene for this important mission, and immediately repaired to the seat of government, where he ably and faithfully exerted himself to give effect to the views of his general.

The effect of the capture of Cornwallis assuring the quick return of peace, Colonel Davie returned home, and resumed the profession with the practice of the law in the town of Halifax on the Roanoke.

He was afterwards governor of North Carolina and one of our ambassadors to France, at a very portentous conjuncture.

The war in the south was ennobled by great and signal instances of individual and partizan valor and enterprise. Scarcely do the most high drawn heroes of fiction, surpass, in their darings and extraordinary achievements, many of the real ones of Pickens, Marion, Sumpter and Davie, who figured in the southern states, during the conflict of the revolution.

Colonel Davie, although younger, by several years, possessed talents of a higher order, and was much more accomplished, in education and manners, than either of his three competitors for fame. For the comeliness of his person, his martial air, his excellence in horsemanship, and his consummate powers of field eloquence, he had scarcely an equal in the armies of his country. But his chief excellence lay in the magnanimity and generosity of his soul, his daring courage, his vigilance and address, and his unrelaxing activity and endurance of toil. If he was less frequently engaged in actual combat, than either of his three compeers, it was not because he was inferior to either of them in enterprise, or love of battle. His district being more interior, was, at first, less frequently invaded by British detachments. When, however, Lord Cornwallis ultimately advanced into that quarter, his scouts and foraging parties, found in Colonel Davie, and his brave associates, as formidable an enemy as they had ever encountered.

MISCELLANY.

THE MORNING CALL.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

"ELLEN, how you look this morning; I am ashamed of you! hair undressed, and that old faded calico gown: there is no need of your being so untidy; for it is my week to sweep and take care of the rooms, and you have nothing to do but to sew, or practice your music. It is now near eleven o'clock; what if some one should come in? you have been mortified by being so caught before now."

"O, I can run away and leave you to do the

honors, for you are all in print as usual—hair smooth, dress neat, and collar clean—nobody can take you by surprise; for you are always "just so!" no matter what you have to do about the house—sweeping or dusting, or baking, it is all the same. I have just been in the kitchen making some cake, and somehow the flour has got all over my sleeves and apron; I do look like a fright I believe; but it is so cold I dread going up stairs to change my dress; I will brush and curl my tresses here if you make no objection, and, as I said before, if any one comes I can run. It is a very good plan to be always ready I confess, but I am not one of the particular sort. I do believe Susan your will be an old maid, you are so precise!"

"An old maid!" said Susan, holding up her hands with an air of mock distress, "what a terrible fate you are predicting for me, and why? just because I am tidy in my person, and quick about my work? If the lords of creation think these to be needless qualities in a wife they can pass me by. Here I am twenty-four years old and never had "an offer." I shall surely lead a life of single blessedness; I shall cultivate a fondness for cats, and all the young folks will call me "Aunt Susan?" can I look forward to this with resignation?"

Ellen turned round with a smile and told her sister she would make the best wife, or the best old maid in the world. She had arranged her handsome hair in a profusion of long ringlets around a pretty face, and if she had proceeded to alter her dress all would have been well; but instead of this, she left her curl papers and hair brush strewed over the pair table, and seated herself at the piano to try a tune which had been running in her head.

"There Susan, that is the song Mr. Hull liked so well; the gentleman I met at Guilford last summer: I wonder if I shall ever see him again! They said he took quite a fancy to my ladyship and his attentions were very flattering; but there is Charles Grey who comes here so often: he is younger and handsomer, I like him quite as well, and there is no harm in having "two strings to your bow," or two beaux to your string, is there sis? Oh don't look so sober! and talk about coquetry, and trifling with ones affections, and all that; I can't stop to listen now, but will rather play over again my admirer's favorite. It is sweet and plaintive, and shows his good taste; which is somewhat like my sister's; he is a man after your own heart Susan."

Ellen had reached the middle of her song when the door opened and no less a personage than Mr. Hull himself was announced. She blushed with shame but gave him a polite welcome, and a graceful introduction to her sister. He appeared not to notice his fair lady's plight, but engaged them both in an animated conversation, and made himself very agreeable during a long call; and left them saying that business would detain him in their city for some length of time and he would give himself the pleasure of visiting them again.

"There Susan!" said Ellen with a vexed look "one string of my bow is broken. What did he come "poking" here for in the morning? I wish he had been a thousand miles off: I wonder why he could not wait till afternoon, or evening

when folks are ready to be seen! but I suppose he did it on purpose to surprise me. I do not much care: he is too precise in his notions to suit me; a little like yourself, sister; how was you pleased with the gentleman?"

Susan did not choose to acknowledge how very much she was pleased with him, but she thought of him more than once that day, and the next morning caught herself wondering when he would come again; but morning, afternoon, and evening passed away and he came not and she felt somewhat disappointed. For once in her life Ellen was "fit to be seen" before dinner; but she told Susan at night that she should not take the trouble to dress herself many times to receive Mr. Hull.

Our gentleman in the mean time had thought over his penchant for Ellen and found it not so strong as he had imagined; for he was not a man to fall desperately in love with any one upon so short an acquaintance, but thought the aid of reason and judgment necessary in choosing a wife. Perhaps he had fancied himself in love before, but he had early resolved never to marry till he was possessed of a competence; and now having been fortunate in business he felt at liberty to look around for some one to share his wealth and his heart. He had reached the age of thirty, was virtuous, intelligent, and every way calculated to make a good husband; and fortunate might she deem herself who could secure and return the affection of such a man. He had purchased a fine house and intended to furnish it handsomely: would Ellen keep it always in good order, and be ready to receive and entertain a friend, or a stranger at any time? he thought of her curl papers, and her soiled dress, and feared she would not. Susan had left a favorable impression on his mind, and he instituted a comparison between the sisters. Ellen was quite pretty Susan rather plain; but he remembered the sweet expression of her soft eyes when she spoke. Ellen was tall, genteel, and self possessed in her manners; Susan somewhat shorter, and very modest and retiring; and he thought of her pleasant conversation, and the nun-like neatness and simplicity of her attire.—Ellen's hair curled beautifully, Susan's was smoothly parted upon her fair forehead. Ellen was gay and brilliant, Susan sober and sensible; and he finally came to the sage conclusion that the latter would make the most desirable companion. He was confirmed in this opinion by the evident pleasure which her open countenance expressed on meeting him once more; for he came the day but one following his first visit, and the next, and every day during the fortnight he remained in the city, and he did not leave without a promise from Susan to correspond with him till Spring, when he hoped to see her again.

One pleasant day early in the following summer the sisters were busily engaged at work upon some bridal finery. "Susan," said Ellen looking up with an affectionate smile, "I am glad you are going to marry Mr. Hull, for he is the finest man in the world; I shall love him much as a brother. It is well he did not choose me. I should not be half good enough for him. I fear if I do not reform my ways I shall be an old maid myself; for Charles Grey has gone off

to Texas, and now I have not even *one* string to my bow."

Our friends were married; and neither found cause to regret their choice; for Susan proved to be a most devoted and exemplary wife to the best of husbands. She made his home an Eden of happiness and the strength of his attachment to her, was only equalled by the depth of her affection for him.—

They err, who deem love's brightened hour
In early youth is known;
Its purest, tenderest, holiest power
In later life is shown;
When passions chastened and subdued
To riper years are given,
And earth, and earthly things are viewed
In light that breaks from heaven.

Ellen often visited her sister, and in time we believe learned to value and imitate her household virtues; but whether she ever married, or remained a maiden lady, is left to conjecture; for furthermore of her fortunes the story saith not.—*Universalist*.

SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.

An officer in the Bengal service, possessed a handsome elephant, which he was accustomed to see fed with a certain allowance of grain daily; business requiring his absence, he confided the care of his favorite to a worthless keeper; who, in the interim, stole and appropriated a large proportion of the grain intended for the elephant's use. The poor animal daily grew more spare and feeble, missing at his usual feeding-time the abundant feast, supplied by his kind and generous master. My friend returned, hastened to his stable, observed the emaciated state of his favorite and having had no previous reason to suspect the honesty of the servant, was at a loss to discover a cause for the evident alteration. The poor elephant, delighted at his master's return, trumpeted his welcome, raised his trunk as a salaam, and moved about offering in his mute but expressive manner, every demonstration of joy. His feeding time approached, and the full allowance of grain was placed at his feet by his dishonest and cruel keeper. The elephant, satisfied of his master's attention industriously separated it into two distinct heaps, and having eagerly devoured the one, left that which remained, and quietly walked to the opposite side of his stable. The truth thus conveyed by the gestures of the intelligent brute, flashed upon the mind of his master; the keeper, on being accused of the theft, and finding his unworthiness exposed fell at the feet of his employer, acknowledging the aggression.

BURNS, THE POET.

He was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a wealthy merchant, belonging to the town, had the misfortune to fall into the harbor. He was no swimmer, and his death would have been inevitable, had not a sailor who happened to be passing at the time, immediately plunged in, and at the risk of his own life, rescued him from his dangerous situation. The Greenock merchant upon recovering a little from his fright, put his hand into his pocket and generously presented the sailor with a shilling. The crowd who were by this time collected, loudly pro-

tested against the contemptible insignificance of the sum; and Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamor, "for," said he, "the gentleman is the best judge of the value of his own life."

YOUNG MEN AT THE COUNTER.

YOUNG men, whose duty it is to attend in stores and offices, should endeavor to study ease and urbanity, both of manner and speech, if they would cultivate the good opinion and secure the patronage of the public. Avoid abrupt speech and short answers, in which there may be no harm, but it is the manner of giving them that causes the offence, and gives rise to ill-natured retorts, bad feelings, and finally terminates in pecuniary loss. A cross, sour look, coupled with a rough speech, will drive more from the counter than the ill reputation of your goods, leaving an unamiable impression, which will always stand in the way of your future good.

Understanding human nature, and the character of those with whom you deal, we would not blame that man, if he can so subject his spirit, who, for his own advantage, seems more servile than independent in his intercourse with patrons. And if a person really believes he is doing us a favor by giving us his patronage, we would sooner strengthen than weaken the impression, so long as he is not overbearing and impertinent. A great many think that their patronage is not to be slighted; and when they find that we court it, they, out of self-esteem, will be pleased to continue it.—Another portion, among which are the ladies, are bought and actually bound by a fair speech and kind looks; and the article which they purchase, however good it proves, will not outlast the favorable impression made by the kind attentions and gentle behavior of the young man at the counter.—*Saturday Courier*. R. D.

A SHARP CUT.

ONE day a shrewd son of the soil was sent to the house of a Yorkshire farmer upon his master's business, and, as the good old custom goes there, he had what is called a hearty drinking set before him; but still one part of the refreshment was a puzzle for Luke, being different from any thing he had ever seen before—namely, a whole Dutch cheese. How to begin to cut it Luke was at no small loss to imagine: the master however, popping in just at the moment, Luke, in a tone of apparent simplicity, said, "It's vary like a foot-ball this, measter; whereivver am e ta cut it?" "Cut it? wha," exclaimed the farmer, in the midst of a hearty crack of laughter, "cut it where you like, my man." "Wha, then," responded Luke, with a smile, and putting the cheese under his arm, "a'll cut it at hoame, if ye please, measter."

A FINE BARGAIN.

AN old continental arrived at an inn and asked for refreshment. The hostess set before him a bone of ham and a crust of bread. Her son, who had been an officer, gave the poor fellow a shilling when he had done picking, and bid him march off. Soon after the old woman came in to look for her pay. "Mother," says the officer

"what might the picking of that bone be worth?" "Why, about one and sixpence, these hard times." "Well," cried the humane son, "I have made a fine bargain, and saved sixpence, for I gave him but a shilling to pick the whole."

ENTAILED ESTATE.

Every man who desires to entail a valuable and enduring inheritance on his children, which cannot be docked; of which rogues cannot defraud them and on which the sheriff can't levy execution, and which they can't alienate by a general assignment; may accomplish his wishes by bringing them up in habits of persevering industry in any useful calling, by instilling into them habits of sound economy; and, above all, by imbuing their minds with correct and practical views of moral and religious obligations.

A WELL known rake sitting in Drury Lane Theatre, beheld a pretty girl and was very rude to her. The girl, however, appeared as if she could not or would not hear him; but as he became more bold and impudent, she at last turned round, and said with an angry countenance, "Be pleased to let me alone." To which the surprised and confounded freebooter could only answer, "Nay, do not eat me." Upon which the girl said with a smile, "Be not afraid, I am a Jewess."

THE MOTIVE POWER.—A NEW power is coming into operation at the West, which promises to outrival that of steam. It is the power of *AGUE*. One man, with a good fit upon him, it is said can run a saw-mill. Two, of course, could run a steamboat.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. C. Dracut, Mass. \$2.00; P. M. Falls Village, Ct. \$1.00; M. K. West Edmeston, N. Y. \$1.00; R. M. W. Middleville, N. Y. \$1.00; H. Y. Watervliet, N. Y. \$1.00; C. C. Wilton, Ct. \$1.00; W. S. Stokes, N. Y. \$1.00; W. D. P. Brewerton, N. Y. \$3.50; J. M. F. South Otsele, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Sandy Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Bainbridge, N. Y. \$2.00; W. A. Ludlow, Vt. \$1.00; T. C. R. Cassville, N. Y. \$1.00.

New Subscribers can be furnished with all the previous numbers of the present volume, and all the back volumes except the 1st, 2d, and 14th.

Harried,

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Mr. Ebenezer Wilson, of New York, to Miss Freeclove Dusenbury, of this city.

At Canaan, on the 22d ult. by Rev. H. Spencer, Mr. John Flint of said place, to Miss Sarah M. Garvy, of West Stockbridge, Mass.

At the same place, by the same, on the 28th ult. Mr. Lester Kinsley to Miss Hannah M. Remington, both of Becket, Mass.

On the 2d inst. by James McGiffert, Esq. Mr. James Sterret, of Greenport, to Miss Jane McGiffert, daughter of Mr. John McGiffert of Stockport.

Def'd,

In this city, on the 30th ult. Mrs. Catharine V. D. Fisher, wife of the Rev. G. H. Fisher, in her 37th year.

On the 30th ult. after a short illness, Margaret, daughter of Capt. John Power, in her 27th year.

On the 24th ult. Mr. William Ranney, in his 37th year.

In New-York, on the 7th January last, in his 8th year, Henry L. son of Mr. Henry McDougal, late of this city.

At Claverack, on the 30th ult. Mrs. Mary Hobart, relict of Dr. P. Hobart, formerly of Hingham, Mass. in the 57th year of her age. The eastern papers will confer a favor by copying the above.

At Fayetteville, on the 26th ult. Mrs. Amanda, wife of Porter Tremain and daughter of David Collin, of Hillsdale, aged 31 years.

At Hillsdale, on the 22d ult. Barnet, youngest son of Barnet Wager, Esq. in the 5th year of his age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.
ON SEEING A MOTHER WEEP AT PART-
ING WITH HER SON.

FOND Mother weep at parting,
Those tears will do thee good;
Thy darling is departing,
Then swell the briny flood.

He goes where fever rages
In crowded cities far,
Where death in triumph wages
His too successful war.

He goes where virtue falters,
And ruin lurks secure;
Where Bacchus rears his altars,
The thoughtless to allure.

But mother, hast thou given
That child to God who gave?
And hast thou sought from Heaven
For him that Power to save?

Hast thou in secret taught him,
To live for Him alone,
Who with His blood hath bought him,
And can for sin atone?

And when his form had vanished,
From out thy far-stretched sight;
And when the tear was banished,
That dimmed thy eye's clear light;

Didst thou, by sorrow driven,
Then seek thy chamber, where
Thy Saviour bent from Heaven,
To hear thy fervent prayer?

While thou dost watch, and number
The moments as they fly,
And bid refreshing slumber
To flee thy moistened eye,

Thy darling is protected
By *Eyes that never sleep*;
His way will be directed,
While sailing o'er the deep.

A mother's deep devotion
Is registered above,
And all that warm emotion,
Which guides the prayer of love.

Oh then, with faithful pleading
Pursue thy absent one;
Thy Saviour's interceding,
Shall bless thy darling son.

S. B.

From the Lady's Book.
THE KIND NEIGHBOR.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

An! can that farewell knell be thine,
Thou, at whose image kind,
The pictured scenes of earlier years
Come rushing o'er my mind?
Thy rural home, behind the trees,
The lawn, with roses drest,
And the bright eye and beaming smile,
That cheered each entering guest.

There, when our children hand in hand,
Pursued their earnest play,

It drew our hearts more closely still,
To see their own so gay;
And hear their merry laughter ring
Around the evening hearth,
While the loud threat of winter's storm,
Broke not their hour of mirth.

'Tis strange, that I should seek in vain,
That mansion, once so fair,
And find the spot where erst it stood,
All desolate and bare.
The very bank, on which so thick,
The wild, blue violets grew,
How passing strange, that from its place,
Even that has vanished too.

But thou, whatever change or cloud,
Deformed this lower sky,
Had'st still a fountain in thy heart,
Whose streams were never dry.
A fountain of perennial hope
That never ceased to flow,
And give its sky-fed crystals forth,
To every child of woe.

Thy frequent visits to my couch,
If sickness paled my cheek,
And all the sympathetic love,
Which words are poor to speak;
How strong those recollections rise,
To wake the mournful tear,
For deeds like these, more precious grow,
With every waning year,

I cannot think that bitter grief
Would please thy happy soul,
Raised as thou art, to that blest world,
Where tempests never roll.
So, may thy dearest and thy best,
The idols of thy prayer,
Walk steadfast in thy chosen path,
And joyful meet thee there.

From the Casket.
STANZAS.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not
as the world giveth—give I unto you.—ST. JOHN XIV. 27.

THERE is no peace in joys that spring
From vice indulged and time mispent;
Too soon such blossoms, withering,
Will lose their beauty and their scent.

There is no peace in gilded halls,
That echo with the dance and song;
The taste so pampered, quickly palls,
And silken fetters last not long.

There is no peace in looks that seem
As if for lasting rapture made;
The eye that has the brightest beam,
Is often but the first to fade.

It is not peace to thirst for wealth,
Or ardently to seek for fame;
The miser's cheek is void of health,
Forgotten is the hero's name.

It is not peace to know that all
We prize most fondly must depart;
To feel that soon a hopeless pall,
Must cover the rejoicing heart.

It is not peace to know, that cold
Oblivion must be our lot,
That we must leave this busy world,
And be by all forgot.

"Then what is peace? Oh! tell me where
This aching heart may find its rest?"

Thine eyes are fixed on earth—but *there*
Peace hath not built her halcyon nest.

Look up, poor trembler, to those skies,
So beautiful in majesty;
For He who dwelleth there doth prize,
The anxious look, the timid sigh.

Oh! listen to his words of love,
He bids those fearful tremors cease;
"Come unto me, thou weary one,
And I will give thee peace."

"Yes, unto Thee—to Thee alone,
Saviour forever blest,
I come, a sinful weary one,
Oh, Saviour, give me rest." L. M. H.

From the Ladies Repository.
SPRING.

THE voice of the spirit
Of beauty and bloom,
Hath bidden earth's verdure
Awake from its tomb;
The snow-shrouding mantle
Hath vanished away,
And plant, shrub and flower,
Come forth to the day.

All nature rejoices
From valley and hill—
The gush of the fountain,
The flow of the rill,
The music of waters,
Unshackled and free,
Blend with echoing notes,
And hum of the bee.

Field, forest and meadow,
The mountain and plain,
With new life are teeming,
And aid the glad strain,
To welcome the spirit
Of beauty and bloom,
Who hath burst earth's fetters,
And scattered the gloom.

Awake ye in gladness,
Ye children of earth!
For 'tis God who hath given
This glorious new birth;
Shout for joy! for he speaks,
And bids you confide,
In that power and mercy
That e'er will abide.

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